

Lankford (A.P.)

A D D R E S S

DELIVERED TO THE

GRADUATING CLASS

OF THE

MISSOURI MEDICAL COLLEGE

HOW THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN CAN SUCCEED.

—BY—

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A. P. LANKFORD, M. D.,

PROFESSOR OF SURGERY.

MARCH 4, 1878.



ST. LOUIS:

DEMOCRAT LITHO. & PRINT. CO.  
1873.



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MISSOURI MEDICAL COLLEGE,

March 4th, 1873.

PROF. A. P. LANKFORD,

*Dear Sir:*

At a meeting held this day of the Graduating Class of the Missouri Medical College, it was unanimously

*Resolved*, That a Committee of three be appointed to wait on Prof. Lankford and request a copy of his Valedictory Address for publication.

GEO. HOMAN, *President*.

JNO. R. HALL, *Secretary*.

J. B. RYAN, *Treasurer*.

W. F. SHARP,  
H. LEE HATCH, } *Committee.*  
T. H. NEWLAND, }

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No. 523 WALNUT STREET,

March 4th, 1873.

TO MESSRS. W. F. SHARP, H. LEE HATCH and T. H. NEWLAND,

*Gentlemen:*

I cheerfully comply with your request for a copy of my "Valedictory Address" for publication.

With sincere desire for your welfare,

I am cordially yours,

A. P. LANKFORD.



## ADDRESS.

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### GENTLEMEN :

I congratulate you. In the name of the Faculty of the venerable College whose honors you have just received from the hands of her illustrious President and Dean, I congratulate you. I congratulate you that your long and tedious pupilage, trammelled by dictation and restraint, has been thus rewarded ; and that the occasion upon which you are thus honored is graced by the presence of this large and cultivated audience who thus encourage you with their approval of your past endeavors, and bespeak your success in the future ; that the epoch of your lives which ushers you upon the stage of independent activity and separate responsibility has this day shed its first light upon you ; that you are now prepared to enter upon the serious work of life while you are animated with brave resolves and high aims, and finally that your lot has been cast in this land. Even this season, the theme of joyous song through all ages, is full of hope and promise. The last dark clouds and storms of winter are sweeping across the skies and flying away forever ; the seed which is to bring forth the summer's harvest is being sowed upon the ground ; the tender buds are swelling with embryo fruit and flowers ; the earth and air are everywhere instinctive with new life which is covering itself with fresh beauty. What more auspicious natal day for your professional life ?

The words of consecration and ordination to which you have just listened have at the same moment absolved the relation heretofore existing between us, of master and pupil, and we extend to you the right hand of fellowship, as our worthy co-workers. We receive you with open arms into the great brotherhood of medicine, having given us, as you have, satisfactory evidence that you are worthy to wear the *toga virilis* of our order.

After a young man's preliminary education has been finished, there are two great epochs or turning points in his history. The first is the choice of a vocation or profession, and the second is the

time of assuming the duties and responsibilities thereof, after the ordinary period of training has been completed. Fortunately for those of you who have espoused it in the right spirit, yours is one which offers you every incentive for exertion. It is a noble, a god-like profession, which can fill the loftiest aspirations of intellect or heart. It is her province to search out the hidden causes, to solve the mysteries hanging over life and its conditions; to heal diseases, to relieve pain, to apply the balm of consolation and hope to the sorrowful and bereaved; to make the lame walk, the blind see, the dumb speak, and the deaf to hear; to correct deformity and cure the maimed; to ward off death until the final, the inevitable hour is at hand, and then, with "sweet oblivious antidote," to rob him of his stings and terrors. And as you sit here before me upon this decisive, all-important era of your lives, just about to go forth upon your great mission—to act for the first time as your own guardians, instructors and advisers—it is with peculiar feelings of solemnity as well as pleasure, that I enter upon the duty assigned me by my colleagues of giving you the last lecture, the parting advice, of the Faculty of your Alma Mater. And if I cannot speak to you with the pathos and fervid eloquence of a mother to her son who is just about to leave the parental roof to face the difficulties, and all alone try the uncertainties, of the world, I can speak with sincerity and an honest desire for your welfare.

The vital question with each of you now is, "How can I succeed?" "How can I attain an honorable position in my profession and in society?" Success is the god upon whose altar I know you are now ready to place your sacrifices. Success will be, in the estimation of the world, the test of your ability. How, then, can you succeed? I wish I could tell you of some easy way, some smooth, unbroken road to that goal; but alas! gentlemen, there is none.

The greatest of living American surgeons, preeminent for his ability and vast erudition, and venerable for his age and many honors, has but recently uttered this sentence: "I am no oracle, but if I were consulted as to the means by which a young physician, emulous of distinction, could obtain the greatest and most honorable fame, my response would be, by steady, unswerving devotion to his profession, by boundless industry, and by a profound love for his species." And this, I assure you, is his autobiography in one sentence. This is the way in which he rose from



poverty and obscurity to the highest place in his profession and in society—to affluence and power. And will it bring you success? I answer most unhesitatingly, yes. This sentence gives the key that unlocks the door to success in any profession—always in ours. It implies that you believe in your profession, that you reverence and love it; that you are industrious; that is, that you are studious, attentive and punctual—in the common phrase of the day, that you are “a great worker;” and, finally, that you must be no misanthrope, but a lover of your species.

Cabanis, a bright name in our annals, long ago said that “in order to study and practice medicine in a proper manner we must be impressed with its importance, and to be so impressed we must believe in it.” This sentence contains a deep sense and gives the moral base of the practice of medicine. The men of faith, that is, those who believe something, are the moral forces of the world. They constitute the aggressive power that is guiding, and as it were, forcing the race upwards in what is called “modern progress.” They are the working men in science and religion. They are building rather than tearing down. They are striving to make men better rather than to devise “new methods of torture” and “terrors of the law,” to prevent, cure or mitigate disease, or repair the effects of injury, to invent labor-saving machines, to make the world more fruitful in good things—to roll away the curse. They create literature rather than criticise one that already exists, and build up scientific systems, rather than descant upon the imperfections of those that already prevail—upon impossibilities. The man of faith is a devoted, an earnest man who will always make some impression upon those about him, no matter whether he is right or wrong. When the Deputies of the Constituent Assembly saluted Robespierre’s abstractions and extravagant theories of popular government with shouts of derisive laughter, the great Mirabeau warned them: “This man,” said he, “will do somewhat; *he believes every word he says.*” That is, beware that you do not underrate him; he is a man of faith, and therefore an earnest man. He will make an impression. All Europe undertook a crusade for the rescue of the holy sepulchre. The hoofs of their chargers broke the solitude of the Mongolian desert, and their chariot wheels ploughed the sands of Arabia; they left their blood upon the walls of the sacred city, and the vultures of Mount Carmel feasted upon their flesh. It was the wild preaching of an earnest hermit that crazed them.

It is the man of faith, and not the man of erudition, who makes converts to his religion. It is the man of faith who inaugurates great social reforms and political revolutions, and not the man profoundly learned in political economy and the laws of nations. And it is the man of faith, the man who believes in his profession as the best and greatest of professions, who makes others believe in it and believe in him. As Tennyson sings:

“Faith and unfaith can ne’er be equal powers.”

But the unswerving devotion to your profession which springs from such a faith in it has a particular significance which cannot be expressed in such general terms—a significance for this age and this country. We live in a day when the fabled Argonautic expedition has been triumphantly accomplished. The fiery dragon guarding the golden fleece has been slain, the whirling rocks have been passed, and the sea storms defied by thousands of adventurers. Our valleys laugh with plenty, and our mountains clap their hands in the exuberance of golden joy. The talismanic touch of the philosopher’s stone is no longer a dream, but a reality. Turn your eyes to the commercial metropolis of the nation, to any great trade center, and you may find millionaires by the score who have become millionaires in a day. The Hon. W. E. Gladstone recently said, in a speech at Liverpool: “It may surprise you to hear, but I believe it to be true, that more wealth has, in this island of ours, been accumulated since the commencement of the present century—that is, within the lifetime of many who are still among us—than in all the preceding ages from the time, say, of Julius Cæsar; and again, at least as much of wealth within the last twenty years as within the preceding fifty.” And still, in this country at least, we are not near high water.

Now, this condition of plethoric and ever-increasing wealth, with its attendant luxurious habits and passion for vulgar display and notoriety, is destructive of all love for the sober and quiet pursuit of the sciences, which are slow to confer upon their devotees either wealth or the coveted distinction, without which the ambitious and impatient youth too often imagines that he had almost as well be out of the world. Here is the great temptation that rises up in the way of your progress towards the higher attainments. You will hear upon every hand the maxims of a low prudence, that it is your first duty to get land, money and place; and, if you heed the advice, then dies the man in you; “then once more perish the buds of art and science as they have died already



in a thousand thousand men." Then take no lesson, lay to your heart no example of the man who uses the position, power and privilege of his profession merely to get money; who sees in it only a means to one principal end, and that end money. Such a man will sell his little honor, his name and influence, and lay his unclean hands upon the fair escutcheon of the noble calling that his name dishonors.

His advice might be followed if the whole business of life were to eat, sleep and wear clothes in processions; if the few fleeting years which we fret away upon the theatre of this world were the whole of our existence; if we were, like Delos drifting upon the sea of Greece, without a root, a direction or a home; if there were not in this world, as in the world to come, a hereafter, an immortality. No! Get a high position in your profession, guard her honor and your own, and you will then command money, respect and love. Covet such a fame as that of Tiberius Gracchus, of whom it is recorded that, though once honored with the Censorship, twice with the Consulate, and led up two triumphs, yet derived still greater dignity from his virtues. And take an illustration which is fresh in the mind of every one in my hearing: An old man, "broken by the storms of state," the veteran and first of American editors, died but the other day, in the midst of a national turmoil as hot as party prejudice and passion could make it—and immediately all was hushed in reverent awe. Everybody felt that not his city and State alone, but that the nation, had been bereaved. He was an honest man, they said, "and men o'er him wept." "His mourners were two hosts, his friends and his foes," and the hurrying throng stopped and dropping a tear upon his new-made grave, prayed for his gallant spirit's bright repose; and the flowers were not withered upon his tomb until we began to hear from the investigations of a Credit Mobilier Committee; from the New York Committee of Seventy; and how many a name which would otherwise have shed splendor upon the historic pages of our day, has by the revelations of these committees become an ineffaceable blot upon them. Better, far better, that you should live poor and die honest than that you should sell your manhood to live in marble halls and sleep in granite sarcophagi.

As Steele said of his mistress, "to have loved her was a liberal education," so may we literally and truthfully say of the man who has the devotion to his profession upon which I am insisting. For if he is not now, he will yet most assuredly be a man of liberal

education—of professional learning. But this must be the result of much laborious thought and painstaking observation—of “boundless industry.” And it is a happy law of our organism that the one stimulates and strengthens the other—that we labor for that which we love, and love that for which we labor and sacrifice, and about which we think most. You will not grow gray in earnest professional work before you will learn “how use doth breed a habit in a man,” and how this habit becomes a part of his life, inwrought with the warp and woof of his affections and whole moral being, until without it he would be nothing. No man ever yet attained a great success in any vocation, on the basis of personal merit, who was not a great worker. He has had to help himself with head and hands, and with all his might. He has not trusted to magic, or waited “for something to turn up,” unless it was when he expected the result after having used the means. Whoever trusts to “native genius,” as it is called, will fail. It almost always has turned out to be a great misfortune to have a certain amount of native brilliancy and wit. Such men are caressed and flattered into the idea that it is not necessary for them to work in order to succeed; that they are men of genius, and can trust to inspiration. And they do not work—and they never succeed. Their genius, *ignis fatuus*-like, flashes them briefly into darkness, and they are never more seen.

Said the prince of modern literary men, Charles Dickens, who was a genius, in truth, of his own career: “My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of common-place, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention.” And again: “I have been very fortunate in worldly matters; many men have worked much harder and not succeeded half so well; but I never could have done what I have done without the habits of punctuality, order and diligence, without the determination to concentrate myself upon one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels, which I then formed. My meaning simply is, that whatever I have ever tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; that, in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities and hope to gain its end. There is



no such fulfillment on this earth. Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men may mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of the stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness. Never to put one hand to anything upon which I could throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was — I find now to have been my golden rules."

And such, in substance, has been the testimony of every truly great man. The studious practice that completes the great musician is literally measured by his waking hours; while the burning words and breathing thoughts of the poet, of the orator, have not been born without anxious labor. "Blot out, insert, correct, refine, enlarge, diminish, interline," and so with infinite painstaking is produced the page that delights your imagination or touches your heart.

But of all professions none demands such unremitting, ceaseless labor as ours. It has auxiliary and collateral to it the sciences of the inorganic and of the living world, and many of these must be mastered and their principles applied in the every-day duties of life, where the responsibilities are commensurate with life and death, with fortune and fame, with disgrace and disaster. Bichat, the real founder of histological science, and by his original contributions to other departments changing the whole domain of physiology and pathology, worked night and day, scarcely taking time to eat a scanty meal or an hour for sleep; worked until his brain grew dizzy, until he would lose his balance and fall upon the floor. He worked until his great heart was exhausted, and he died a victim to his boundless enthusiasm and unremitting devotion, at the early age of thirty-two. He died all too soon for the glory of medicine, but his name was given to immortality.

Dr. Rush, the "father of American medicine," during the first yellow fever epidemic in Philadelphia, visited from one hundred to one hundred and twenty patients a day, besides the crowds he prescribed for in his house and on the streets. Says Dr. Samuel Jackson: "He was sometimes so sunk with labor and care as to faint, and he was often obliged to lie down in the houses of sickness." And notwithstanding this incessant daily visitation, he collected and arranged the materials for the history of the epidemic, which was pronounced the best history that had ever been written of an epidemic—a history that gave him a fame



co-extensive with civilization. According to Dr. Lettson, "all Europe was astonished at his novelty and bold decision."

Said the venerable surgeon to me, from whom I have taken the motto of this discourse: "There is a future for you, young man, if you are energetic and persevering. But you must work always, else you will not keep up with your profession. I work in the dead-room every winter, and this has been my custom for years." And yet he has written more, and well, than perhaps any living physician, besides attending to an immense private practice, serving two hospitals, and annually delivering a course of lectures to a medical class.

The oldest and ablest of England's living surgeons has but recently declared in his lectures on the "*Progress of Surgery and Anatomy*," that until his domestic duties became very numerous and imperative, there never were five minutes of his waking state in which he was not thinking of some subject connected with his profession. The biographer of the late Dr. Wm. E. Horner, the Professor of Anatomy and Clinical Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania for more than a quarter of a century, says of him: "He was like ourselves; he stood on our level. There are few of you, gentlemen, who are not endowed with equal abilities, and who might not fairly put in a claim, with similar opportunities, to an equally successful career. And while the natural endowments of Dr. Horner were not of an exalted order, neither was he indebted to a systematic, well trained collegiate course of studies, or grounded in the higher branches of education, that with many compensate for natural deficiencies. He was a self-made man. What he was, was wholly his own; the work of a rigid self-training, and a most labored molding and framing of his principles and character on a high conception of duty, and of the just and true in every transaction of life." His life was given to professional labor—in the library, in the dead-room, and in practical duties. And his life was an unbroken success. He has left many monuments of his learning, a national reputation as a teacher and operator, and most pleasant memories with those who were fortunate enough to know him.

But I have no time for more illustrations. If I had, and it did not seem fulsome and (unbelievable) unnecessary, I could go on and thus associate a long array of names of living men, and I would not have to go outside of my personal knowledge, nor outside of this State; no, not outside of this city; I could point you to some in this

audience. Upon the other hand, let me tell you of a case which will show you how ruinous to your future prospects a reputation for indolence will be. Among the applications lately submitted to the "Board of Managers" of the Missouri State Insane Asylum, for the vacant position of Superintendent, was one from a talented young man in an interior town, against whose probity and goodness of heart no one dared to urge an objection. The Board seemed favorably disposed, but the young man did not receive the appointment. Why? I asked of one of the members. "Because," said he, "it was reliably reported to us that he had indolent habits; that, for instance, he spent his evenings in stores and similar resorts, where the time is usually passed in gossiping, telling stories and the like."

When it is said that you must be industrious, it is understood that punctuality is one of the elements or out-growths of such a temper and habit. Louis the XIV. is reported to have said that "punctuality is the politeness of Kings." But punctuality does not alone show that you respect the time and engagements of another, it shows that you are orderly and systematic in your habits. It will enable you to wait upon patients at the proper time, to fulfill all engagements. It is related of the late Dr. James Jackson, of Boston, who was one of the best of men and one of the brightest ornaments of our profession, that he was so particular upon this point that he always carried two watches, and was as much to be depended upon as the movements of the heavenly bodies themselves.

That industry is necessary to professional success is not the only motive for the establishment of such a habit. Idleness debilitates the body and hastens decay; it puts the mental faculties to sleep; it gives the lower impulses and passions the sway; it will make you the victims of a maudlin sentimentality, unmanly in man; it is one of the corroding pests that infects a luxurious and wealthy society. Industry, the exercise of your faculties, animated by a laudable ambition and hope, gives tone and strength to mind and body—gives endurance for great and prolonged conflicts. "If," says the lamented Trousseau, writing to an old friend, "if I did not rise very early, so as to be able, before going to the hospital, to devote an hour and a half to work, and if, in the evening, I did not make it a duty never to go into society, I should fall into an intellectual caducity, from which, thank God, you have been able to preserve yourself."

And still again, intellectual work is a resource for the young practitioner. If your heart is oppressed with hope deferred; if you are, as you will be, disappointed when A. or B., who in the outset offered you much encouragement in words, sends for some one else when he falls sick; if you have failed of success where you most coveted a triumph; if you have had your confidence abused and your integrity derided; if your pretensions have been slighted by those from whom you surely expected recognition; when you have nothing in the present and can see little in the future to cheer you, there is always one sure resource left you. Go to your books (and a dissecting room if you can); go to your studies with invincible determination, and read, think, and write. And thus you will learn to love them, and, in spite of all, love your profession. And this will soon become the happy valley into which you will retreat from vexation, disappointment and weariness. And not only this, but every day you will grow stronger, command more respect, and eventually—I tell you there is no doubt—practice, an extensive practice. “They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.”

Gentlemen, if there is a lazy man amongst you, then is he an unfortunate man. He has adopted the wrong profession; he has made the mistake of a lifetime. And even now, while he stands upon the threshold of this college, let him quickly decide to seek some other vocation without squandering more time, for if he remains in this one the termination of his career can be written in one word, and it will give the sad tragedy of his life—he *failed*.

I have only one more thing to say upon this subject of earnest professional work—you must be aggressive and not conservative. When you have achieved a success, a great success may be, do not let it put your faculties to sleep; do not imagine that your fortune is made and your success assured. If you do not continue to gain, you will begin to lose. Napoleon’s motto must be yours, “My power,” said he, “would fall were I not to support it by new achievements. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest must maintain me.” You are always in danger of losing prestige, and nothing, nothing but vigilance and energy, will save you. If this were not true, you would have your difficulties of starting in the profession multiplied ten-fold. Were it not that old practitioners become careless, conservative and easy-going—*conce*, in a word, to be aggressive—your only hope in getting started would be



in their death. But their negligence gradually yields before your courage, punctuality, energy and kindness. With these you will make your conquests and maintain them when acquired.

"Work, work, work," says a distinguished Professor of Medical Chemistry; "this never fails." "Work, work always," said the dying, the immortal Velpeau.

And the last great element of your character which is to insure your success, is a "profound love of your species." There is in the world much selfishness, suspicion, hypocrisy, faithlessness, dishonesty and malice, ingratitude and weakness. But there is also generosity, charity, friendship, plain dealing, honor, integrity, veneration and love. And if the two ends of the scale be tried, the good end will go down. There is more good than bad in the world, and the world is daily growing better. There are more churches, schools, hospitals and asylums, than prisons, penitentiaries and houses of correction. You must learn to love the world and to love your race, for there is that here which is to be loved, admired and imitated—enough to fill your longings for the pure, the beautiful, and the noble. This world is not a "howling wilderness," a "deceitful show for man's illusion given," but the garden of God, the home of man, and filled with unending beauties, unspeakable wonders, and illimitable riches in earth, in ocean, and in air.

The command to love one another is addressed to no one class, creed or sect, but embraces with boundless charity and good-will, one common humanity, and binds us together in societies for our mutual welfare and comfort. The man who hates his species is a moral outlaw and a monster. He is rude, full of jealousy, suspicion and malice. His hand is against every man, and every man's hand must be against him.

Love is the greatest force in nature. It triumphs over all prejudice, circumstance, condition and intellectuality. There is an inspiration in love. It gives talent, wit and endurance, binds hearts together, and places upon the seal a royal signet. Its sincere possessor is a superior person, who must always exert an influence in his sphere. "Mead," said old Radcliffe to a young physician struggling under early difficulties, "Mead, I love you, and I will tell you a sure secret to make your fortune: *Use all mankind ill.*" But the young man understood human nature better than his adviser. By ceaseless energy, gentlemanly deportment, and the kind treatment of his patients, he soon rose into general

favor and acquired an enormous practice. Sir Astley Cooper and Mr. Abernethy practiced in the same city, and about the same time. So far as learning and sound judgment went, Mr. Abernethy seems not to have been inferior to his distinguished rival. But Sir Astley was the possessor of the most polished and agreeable manners, and was therefore the favorite of the cultivated classes. Mr. Abernethy was blunt and rude, and hence saw Cooper in the enjoyment of a practice five times as lucrative as his own. Men will not place a premium upon coarseness and disrespectful treatment.

If it can be said to the reproach of the world upon which you are now embarking that it banished Aristides, poisoned Socrates, murdered Cicero and crucified the Saviour of the world, it may be replied that it has immortalized the first by making his name a synonym of purity, the second by reverencing his memory as the greatest of philosophers, the third as an ever-during model of culture and intellectual superiority, while in the last it has recognized the person of the long-expected Redeemer of the race, and at his shrine the millions kneel in adoration and pray for pardon. The sins committed in weakness have been repented of in sackcloth; time has corrected when the judgment erred; the light has triumphed over the darkness, the good over the evil. Men will reward their benefactors some time.

But it is not alone upon selfish grounds that I would urge you to love your kind. A great man, of vast observation, has thus put upon record his opinion of physicians: "I do no violence to my convictions when I declare that physicians are the most humane and benevolent men in the world, and that they perform more charitable acts than any other class of citizens." It is one of the glories of our profession, that the sick and lame Lazarus receives as much attention from us as the man of wealth at whose gate he lies; that the wretched, penniless pauper, when stricken down by disease or injury, has the doors of hospitals and infirmaries thrown open to him, and has bestowed upon him all the attention and skill that a millionaire could command. This is one of the sacred trusts committed to you; discharge it well, remembering that every man who has ever attained great eminence as a practitioner has given his time and talents to the poor. The poor you have with you always, to heal them of their diseases and comfort them in affliction. You shall be rewarded by their gratitude, by an approving conscience, the plaudits of the charitable, and

their efforts in your behalf afterwards; and you will gain a rich experience, which no wealth can buy and no talent or learning can supply.

Gentlemen, I hope you appreciate where you are, and the age in which you live. You live not only in the new order of famous ages, but in a country exultant in the realization of present achievement, and with a future of illimitable possibilities. But a few years ago this city boasted of a population of tens of thousands — now she counts by hundreds of thousands.

In 1864 I vividly remember having traveled from Lexington, on the Missouri river, about 250 miles from here, on a steamboat, and the trip consumed almost a week. Now, take your stand upon our Compton Hill, and see the great iron arms of commerce thrown out from us, not only across this and adjoining States, but across plain, desert and mountain, until the continent is spanned and our messengers stand exultant at the Golden Gate of the Pacific; and all in less time than was required for the little voyage to which I have just alluded. Our mountains of gold and silver and iron have been treasured for us since the morning stars sung together; our valleys groan under the weight of their primeval forests and rich harvests, while the hill-tops shower upon us the fruit of the vine. And who shall limit our possessions?

“Our garden is the immeasurable earth;  
The heaven’s blue pillars are Medea’s house.”

This, this is your home and heritage, if you will take possession of it.

I have neither the time nor the inclination to array before you the inevitable difficulties in your way. You will become acquainted with them soon enough. Said a distinguished member of our faculty to me a few days ago, describing his first experience in this city: “I had been here some months, and had a family to support. I knew very few people, and even the few I knew did not seem disposed to employ me. I did not have money to pay my rent or buy marketing. And it looked as if they would not employ me. But I knew they would employ me when they knew me better. I knew they would employ me, I never doubted it a moment.” And they have employed him, and are employing him. His confidence was the inspiration of worth, of a sound manhood that was never yet defeated on this earth. It may be well to paint Time with a scythe, Love and Fortune blind; but Destiny, destiny is not deaf. You will have daily conflicts, and



often appear successful; often you will be vanquished. To-day you will receive the thanks and blessings of some grateful patient or family; to-morrow, may be, the curses of another. And thus will you struggle upward, with alternating successes and reverses, triumphs and defeats, hopes and disappointments. You will never be advanced by forensic displays; you may never hope to command the applause of listening senates. Your battles will be fought upon different ground, and your ambition will be directed in a different way. And your final triumph, if complete, will be glorious. I would rather, ten thousand times, be the first physician or surgeon of America, than to be President of the United States.

And, standing here to-night, with the inspiration of this hour upon me, I predict your success. Does one of you doubt it? Is there one who, having put his hands to the plow, is looking back—one slothful man who sees a lion in the way? I do not believe there is; but if so, he has failed already—he is a failure now.

Do you doubt success when you know that every year there are turned out from the colleges, literary and technical, hosts of men born to the means commanding school advantages, and whatever money can purchase, who are never heard of afterwards, while every high vocation has in its ranks a multitude of heroes, who have, by self-denial, high purpose and unconquerable energy, forced their way to the places of honor and power?

"The weakest goes to the wall," and he is the weakest who thinks the least, works the least and lives least in the spirit of his profession—who is most careless of the welfare of his patients. Wee to the man who does not feel, when he knows that the issue of his patient's life is in his hands, as if a Damocles' sword were hanging over him!

A modern philosopher has said that "the greatest work of every man, or rather the summary and net amount of all his works, is the life he has led." That life will be short; but let it be numbered by thoughts, not hours; by deeds, and not by days. "*Nulla dies sine linea.*" And these shall be your immortality.

In bidding you farewell, as I now do, permit me, in behalf of my colleagues and myself, to express our earnest and warmest desire for your future welfare and prosperity. Let us hope that you will cherish pleasant memories of the institution of which you are now Alumni, and that your career will reflect credit not alone upon yourselves, but upon her.

# LIST OF GRADUATES.

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NAME.	STATE.	SUBJECT OF THESIS.
ARCHIBALD, O. WELLINGTON, M.D.....	} Nova Scotia.....	<i>Ad Eundum.</i>
BELL, W. M.....		<i>Diagnosis.</i>
BRAMLETTE, S. E., M.D.....	Kentucky.....	<i>Ad Eundum.</i>
DAVIS, T. A.....	Kansas.....	<i>Scarlatina.</i>
DORR, H. R.....	Illinois....	{ <i>Requirements of a Physician in attending a case of Labor.</i>
DUNCAN, R. B.....	Missouri.....	
ELDERS, G. W. N.....	Missouri.....	<i>Typhoid Fever.</i>
FUCHS, GUSTAV.....	Missouri..	{ <i>Pulse and Respiration, and their Relation to Diagnosis.</i>
GOODENOUGH, ALONZO.....	Idaho.....	
GIVENS, G. W.....	Missouri.....	<i>Pneumonia.</i>
HALL, JOHN R.....	Missouri.....	<i>Inflammation.</i>
HATCH, H. LEE.....	Illinois.....	<i>Locomotor Ataxy.</i>
HARNETT, J. M., M.D.....	Illinois.....	<i>Ad Eundum.</i>
HARDAWAY, W. A., M.D.....	Missouri.....	<i>Ad Eundum.</i>
HOMAN, GEORGE.....	Illinois.....	<i>The Prostate Gland.</i>
JOHNSON, CHARLES.....	Missouri.....	<i>Tubercular Meningitis.</i>
LIGHTBURNE, R. E., M.D.....	Missouri.....	<i>Ad Eundum.</i>
MOORE, JOSEPH H.....	Missouri.....	<i>Traumatic Tetanus.</i>
McKEE, L. D., M.D.....	Missouri.....	<i>Ad Eundum.</i>
NEWLAND, T. H.....	Missouri.....	<i>Rubeola.</i>
PERSON, W. C.....	Mississippi.....	<i>Auscultation of Lungs.</i>
RYAN, J. B.....	Texas.....	<i>Epilepsy.</i>

LIST OF GRADUATES—*Continued.*


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NAME.	STATE.	SUBJECT OF THESIS.
SHARP, W. T.....	Kentucky.....	<i>Intermittent Fever.</i>
SNYDER, ALVIN.....	Illinois.....	<i>Cholera Infantum.</i>
SCRUGGS, J. R.....	Mississippi.....	<i>Pneumonia.</i>
SMITH, W. A., M.D.....	Illinois.....	<i>Ad Eundum.</i>
SHAW, A. B., M.D.....	Missouri.....	<i>Ad Eundum.</i>
THOMPSON, S., M.D.....	Illinois.....	<i>Ad Eundum.</i>
WASER, HERMAN.....	Missouri.....	<i>Auscultation and Percussion.</i>
WENDTLANDT, GUSTAV.....	Missouri.....	<i>Circulation of Blood.</i>

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## HONORARY DEGREE.

T. L. PAPIN, M.D.....	Missouri.
ERVIN M. BEACH, M.D.....	Illinois.

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## DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

At the beginning of the session the Alumni Association of the College offered three prizes for general proficiency in all the branches taught. After a public competitive examination, the prizes were awarded as follows:

*First Prize*—A sixty-dollar microscope, to GEO. HOMAN, of Quincy, Ill.

*Second Prize*—A case of surgical instruments, to G. WENDTLANDT, of Carondelet.

*Third Prize*—"Niemeyer's Practice," to JOHN R. HALL, of Saline county.

The Chemistry prizes offered by Dr. Curtman were awarded as follows:

*First Prize*—Consisting of books, to T. E. HOLLAND, of Platte county.

*Second Prize*— " " was divided between G. WENDTLANDT and Mr. LEWIS.

Dr. Lankford's prize for the best report of his Clinics (consisting of a pocket-case of surgical instruments) was awarded to GEORGE F. BARR, of Quincy, Ill.





